

# YANKEE COMICS

JAN  
NO. 3  
10¢

FEATURING  
YANKEE  
DOODLE JONES  
and  
DANDY

YOUNG  
AMERICANS

YANKEE  
BOY

ENCHANTED  
DAGGER

JOHNNY  
REBEL

YANKEE  
DOODLE JONES

BARRY  
KUDA



HARRY "A" CHESLER  
FEATURES SYNDICATE, N. Y.

A DYNAMIC PUBLICATION.  
**WORLD'S  
Greatest  
COMICS**





**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**



FEATURING  
YANKEE  
DOODLE YOC  
*and*  
ROLSTER

# Yoc Edit No. 49

Feb 07, 2009

**YOUNG AMERICANS**

**YANKEE  
BOY**

**ENCHANTED  
DAGGER**

**JOHNNY  
REBEL**

**YANKEE  
DOODLE JONES**

**BARRY KUDA**



Missing ifc,ibc

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**WORLD'S**  
*Greatest*  
**COMICS**

## January 1942 - 66pg





HARRY "AN" LINDLER  
FEATURES SYNDICATE, INC.

# YANKEE DOODLE JONES

**T**HE SEVERED HEAD OF MEDUSA TURNED ALL THOSE WHO LOOKED UPON IT TO STONE. WHAT HIDEOUS FIEND USED THAT FAMED GORGON'S HEAD TO KILL THE LEADERS OF DEMOCRACY? YANKEE DOODLE JONES AND DANDY RISE IN ALL THEIR MIGHT TO CRUSH THE BLOODTHIRSTY VILLAIN WHOSE ONE GLANCE MEANT... DEATH.

TWO  
FAMOUS  
AMERICANS  
RELAX  
IN  
THEIR  
ROOM.



CHOCOLATE CAKE  
WITH MUSIC IS GOOD.  
TURN ON THE RADIO,  
YANK.

SURE... I DON'T  
WANT YOU TO  
OVEREXERT  
YOURSELF.



...WHILE THE WHEELS OF THE DEFENSE PROGRAM GRIND ON...



I'LL GO OVER YOUR PLANS IN THE MORNING, PERRY. THEY MUST BE SUBMITTED TO THE NAVAL AUTHORITIES NEXT WEEK.

YOU'LL FIND THEM IN SHAPE.

A LOYAL AMERICAN WORKS LATE INTO THE NIGHT



IT'S LATE SAM, I MUST GO OVER THESE PLANS FOR AREN'T YOU COMING TO BED? THE AUTOMATIC RIFLE, ONCE MORE, TO BE SURE THEY WILL BE COMPLETE WHEN I TURN THEM OVER TOMORROW.

QUIETLY, A SINISTER FIGURE ENTERS.



EVERYTHING IS COMPLETE, I'M GOING TO HIT THE HAY.



WHAT...WHO...



LOOK AND DIE!

IT'S THE HEAD OF MEDUSA... WHO GAZES ON IT TURNS TO STONE.



EYES STARE AND A HIDEOUS DEATH FOLLOWS.

OH H H H H H H H!



HA HA HA... ONLY I KNOW THE SECRET OF MEDUSA'S POWER. IT WORKS SILENTLY AND SURELY.



LATER, AT THE HOME OF THE SOCIALLY PROMINENT MRS. DALE.

I'VE COLLECTED THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR THE BRITISH WAR RELIEF

YES MAM!

FUND, PLEASE BRING MY BOOK FROM THE BEDROOM.



AND BRING MY GLASSES PLEASE, MARY.







IN A SPLIT SECOND, BOTH DEFENDERS  
SPRING INTO ACTION.



LOOKS LIKE A  
WAITER! AND  
RUMMAGING  
THRU SOMEBODY'S  
TRUNKS!



WHAT'S THIS?



LOOKING  
FOR THIS?

UGHHH!



I'LL SHOW YOU FELLOWS  
SOMETHING THAT'LL...



BUT TRY THIS  
FIRST!



GET AWAY,  
YOU BRAT!



PICK ON SOME-  
ONE YOUR SIZE!



HURT BAD,  
DANDY?

I'M ALL RIGHT!  
GET HIM!



I'LL SEE THEM  
BOTH LATER.







I GET IT...WHEN HE YELLED HE  
SQUEEZED THE BULB AND THE  
STUFF INSIDE IT SHOT OUT THE  
MOUTH AND MADE THE ONE  
WHO LOOKED TURN TO STONE.  
LUCKY FOR ME YANK CLOSED  
THE WINDOW.



I'VE GOT TO GET  
TO THE YACHT AND  
MY AGENTS.

SILENT AS A PANTHER...YANKEE  
STALKS THE MASKED FIGURE.



SO I'M TAKING A  
BATH AND IT ISN'T  
SATURDAY NIGHT.



KNOWING THE UNKNOWN MUST  
BE SEARCHING OUT HIS FRIENDS,  
YANKEE DOODLE JONES PRESSES  
ON TO THE ATTACK.



A FEW MINUTES LATER,  
THE LONG BLACK BODY  
OF A SUBMARINE SKIMS  
INTO VIEW.



GET READY FOR A  
RECEPTION...THAT  
YANK CHAP IS ABOUT  
DUE.



HOPE THEY DON'T  
KNOW I'M HERE.



I SURE GUESSED  
WRONG!







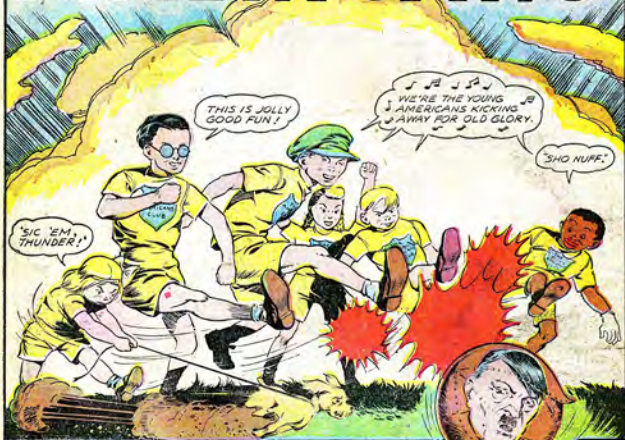


# YOU'RE IN THE ARMY *Now*





# YOUNG AMERICANS



AT THE CLUBHOUSE OF THE YOUNG AMERICANS, THE MAYOR ADDRESSES THE GROUP.

"AND SO YOU ARE ALL TO BE MASCOTS OF THE AMERICAN SOCCER TEAM WHICH PLAYS THE INVINCIBLES TODAY. WEAR YOUR UNIFORMS."



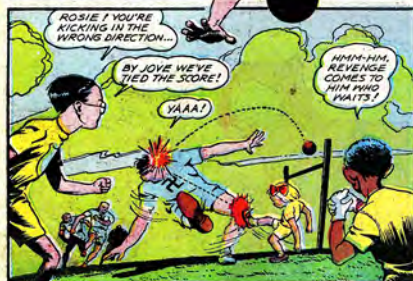




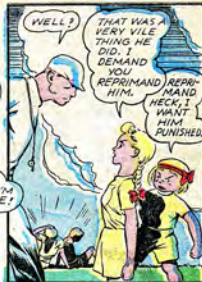














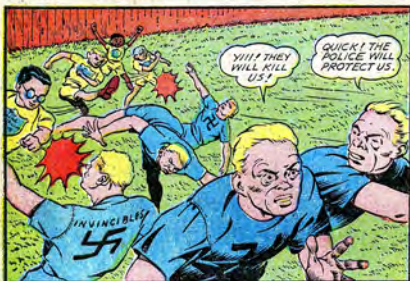


THE YOUNG AMERICANS PUT THE REAL BALL BACK INTO PLAY, AND...





THE YOUNG AMERICANS FORM  
A DETERMINED OFFENSIVE!





# Slim PICKENS



BEING A WAR CORRESPONDENT IS NO FUN! I'LL BE GLAD WHEN THIS TIFF IS OVER!

DON'T DISTURB

BUT FAR FROM THE PEACEFUL SCENE...

FIRE!

BOOM

ZZOOMM

NEXT MORNING...

WHAT TH...!

DON'T DISTURB

DARN THOSE WOODPECKERS!

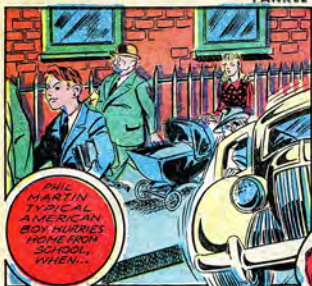


PRESENTING

# YANKEE BOY

HARRY "AT" CROSBY  
FEATURING SINDICATE, N.Y.





BYSTANDERS ARE FROZEN AT THE BOLDNESS OF THE CRIME. ONLY PHIL DARES TO VENTURE FORTH.







LATER...THE MARTIN'S AT HOME.

I'M MR. FLEMING, I CAME TO THANK A REAL AMERICAN BOY FOR HIS COURAGE. I HAD SCORNEO THEIR THREATS FOR MONEY SO THEY TRIED TO KIDNAP OUR BABY. AS A REWARD, I WANT TO SEND PHIL TO CAMP.

ILL ANSWER THE DOOR BELL.



THE TRAIN LEAVES IN HALF AN HOUR PHIL... HURRY.

AND LATER THAT EVENING, PHIL PACKS FOR CAMP.



I MUST WARN YOU BOYS AGAINST FIRES IN THE WOODS. A FOREST FIRE WOULD DESTROY LUMBER VITAL TO OUR DEFENSE PROGRAM.

NO FELLOW WOULD WANT TO BE THE CAUSE OF SUCH AN ACCIDENT.



I'M TRYING TO LEARN THE SWAN DIVE... SORRY IF I'M HOLDING YOU UP.



HEY!







AS PHIL MARTIN REACHES THE SURFACE, STRANGE CONVERSATION RINGS INTO HIS EARS.





DISCARDING HIS NIGHT SHIRT, HE ADOPTS THE ROLE OF MIGHTY LITTLE DEFENDER.

NOW IT'S **YANKEE BOY** AGAINST THE BOYS OF THE BARN!



A PATH THROUGH THE WOODS LEADS TO THE OLD BARN.

TO-NIGHT WE WILL SET FIRE TO THE WOODS. THE STRONG WIND WILL SOON MAKE IT A RAGING FURNACE.

THOUSANDS OF ACRES OF TIMBER USED IN THE GOVERNMENT'S PROGRAM WILL BE BURNED. THE CAMPERS WILL BE BLAMED.



WE'LL SPREAD A LINE OF FIRE A MILE LONG. ONCE IT'S STARTED, THEY'LL NEVER STOP IT.

WE'RE READY BOSS, LET'S GO!



RIGHT, AND HERE I COME!



HEY, IT'S... **YANKEE BOY!**



IT'S A STRIKE, BUT NOT ON ME.





IGNITED,  
THE FIRE  
SPREADS RAPIDLY  
ABOUT THE  
WOODEN  
FRAMEWORK.



QUIET, YOU MUGS.  
I HAVE AN IDEA.

THE RATS TRAPPED  
US IN HERE! WE'LL  
BE BURNED ALIVE!  
HELP!



THE KID'S  
GONNA  
SAVE US!



HEY, DON'T  
FORGET ME...  
I'M NEXT!







PART  
1

# GUARDIANS OF FREEDOM

FEATURING  
JOHNNY  
REBEL

Slowly, silently Johnny Rebel crept forward. Now, and again he paused and lifted his head to watch the slinking form ahead of him. The hunchback figure did not hesitate but plodded onward, toward the wooden barn ahead. From the description given, Johnny was sure that this was the man the police were said to have seen near the warehouse, just before the place had gone up in flames.

"Shhh," the hunchback whispered to the two men at the door. "I'm being followed by that Johnny Rebel." Then, stepping inside, he said quickly: "Upstairs and we'll get the snooper."

Little suspecting the trap, Johnny crept forward. He saw shadows high in the barn loft. He decided to venture inside and listen. Carefully he picked his way to the door and paused. The sound of footsteps above reassured him and he slipped into the gloomy looking barn.

Suddenly, something struck him. Like an angry snake it twisted about his neck. Johnny struggled but the strands of rope drew tighter and tighter about his throat. Frantically, he clawed to relieve the choking sensation about his throat—until suddenly, the black night closed in about him and he slumped unconscious to the floor.

When Johnny Rebel opened his eyes, he lay in a corner of the

barn. The choking was gone but his arms and legs were burning from the pain of the tight cords which held him. A cackling laugh drew Johnny's gaze. He saw the deformed figure and two cronies bent over a paper on an overturned box.

"In ten minutes we'll send the message and then burn the barn. All evidence of this place being used for a hide-out will be destroyed along with that meddling brat," he grinned evilly as he spoke. "And we'll be paid well for this day's work."

Frantically, Johnny worked at the bonds which cut into his wrists. He twisted, squirmed and pulled until he felt one of the ropes slip. In a moment, he had his hands free. Cat-like he bent down and removed the ropes from his feet.

The hunchback glanced towards Johnny, then jumped to his feet. "That brat is free!" he screamed. "Get him before he gets away!"

But the fighting little Southerner had no intention of retreating. He hurled himself into the attack, grabbing a loose board as he lunged forward. Johnny struck like a raging tornado. The club connected with a sharp crack and the man nearest him slumped in a heap.

"Take him. Kill him!" the hunchback screamed as he danced around his men, urging them to stop Johnny's vicious onslaught.

"Try and do it!" Johnny shrieked defiantly, as he planted a well-aimed kick on the shins of one of the thugs. "Come and get me, I'm not running away!"

Nimbly, Johnny dropped to his knees and avoided a terrific blow. As the brute missed, Johnny sprang and brought the club up under the jaw of the man.

"Eeeeeoooooww!" the scream echoed throughout the building. "He broke my jaw!"

From the corner of his eye, Johnny saw the hunchback grab a small box and leap to the loft window. In a flash, the Southern blitzkrieg darted after the fleeing figure.

Outside, the hunchback was about to head for the woods. A running leap and Johnny sailed into him. Together, they hit the ground.

The little Rebel leaped to his feet. In that second, the hunchback opened the box and hurled it into the air. Johnny watched a white carrier pigeon flutter out and wing its way into the sky.

"My work is accomplished, Johnny Rebel," the hunchback shouted triumphantly. "You will never stop the message of death."

"Yes, I will," Johnny shouted angrily. "First, I'm going to turn you and those two other rats, over to the police and then, somehow, I'll trace your winged messenger."

NOW TURN TO PAGE 41



HARRY A. LUGGILL  
 FEATURES SYNOPSIS BY N.Y.

# The Enchanted DAGGER



THE ENCHANTED DAGGER, MYSTERIOUS, SWIFT STRIKING Foe OF CRIME, MATCHES WITS AND BRAVIN WITH A RUTHLESS GANG OF RACKETEERS WHOSE HIDEOUS, DEVILISH PLOT THREATENS TO EXTORT FABULOUS SUMS FROM THE CITY'S HOTEL OWNERS.

A GUEST TAKES A ROOM AT THE HOTEL MAGNUS.













...AND IN A QUIET VOICE  
ADDRESSES THEM.

YOU MAY NOT HAVE HEARD OF ME,  
GENTLEMEN, THE ENCHANTED  
DAGGER HAS A SPECIAL REASON TO  
ROUND UP THAT ROTTEN GANG...  
STAY YOUR ACTION FOR A WHILE,  
AND LET ME  
TAKE A  
CRACK AT  
THEM.

SAY, HE'S THE ONE  
THAT CLEANED UP  
THE GREEN PLAGUE  
IN THE RESTAURANT  
RACKET CASE.

RIGHT, AND I'M  
FOR GIVING  
HIM A CHANCE!  
THANK YOU  
GENTLEMEN!

THOSE MUGS WON'T BE USING THE  
GRAVE YARDS ANY MORE... THE  
POLICE ARE WATCHING TOO  
CLOSELY. THERE'S ONLY ONE MORE  
PLACE THEY CAN GO TO...

LATER, IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN.

HEY CHIEF...  
WHERE ARE  
WE GOING?

YOU'LL  
FIND OUT!

HEY! IT'S  
THE MORGUE!

WE DON'T  
HAVE TO  
GO IN  
THERE,  
DO WE,  
BOSS?

SURE, WE DO!  
THE GRAVE-  
YARDS ARE  
ALL FULL  
OF COPS...  
THIS IS THE  
ONLY PLACE  
WE CAN GET  
BODIES!

OKAY, FELLERS, THE  
PLACE AINT GOT A  
WATCHMAN ANY-  
MORE!

GRAB THE NEAREST  
ONE, AND LET'S  
GET OUT OF HERE,  
FAST!

THAT'S THE  
NICEST THING  
YOU COULD  
OF SAID,  
BOSS!

OKAY, YOU GUYS,  
GRAB THIS STIFF!

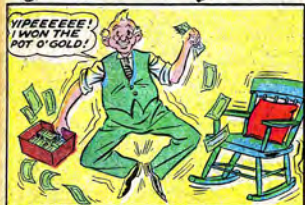
EEYOWW!  
IT'S THE  
GUY WE  
MURDERED!

IT CAN'T  
BE A  
DREAM, I  
JUST PINCHED  
MYSELF!

DID YOU  
CALL  
ME A  
STIFF RAT?







6-38-57  
14-57  
10-57  
1-57



## JOHNNY

## REBEL

ONCE AGAIN THE MIGHTY YOUNG JOHNNY REBEL TAKES HIS LIFE IN HIS HANDS AS HE BATTLES THE VICIOUS HORDE OF HARDENED CRIMINALS WHO SEEK TO FREE THEIR LEADER FROM THE CLUTCHES OF THE LAW.



PROUDLY, JOHNNY REBEL AND THE FAITHFUL OLD FAMILY SERVANT, RUFUS, SURVEY THE ACTIVITY ON THE WATER FRONT.

THE SOUTH IS SURE DOING ITS PART TO AID DEMOCRACY, MASTER JOHNNY.

THEY SAY THAT SHIPMENT IS DESTINED FOR ENGLAND.

BUT EVEN AS JOHNNY WATCHES... SINISTER FORMS SLINK ALONG THE WHARF.

THIS IS GOING TO BE EASY MONEY... LIGHT THE FUSE!

IT WILL BLOW EVERYTHING TO BITS!



WITHOUT HESITATION, THE FLEETLY JOHNNY REBEL HURLS HIMSELF INTO ANOTHER ADVENTURE.

I JUST SAW A FLASH... THEY MUST HAVE LIGHTED SOMETHING!

LORDS SAKE, MASTER JOHNNY, CAN'T WE WALK FOR A CHANGE. I'M TIRED OF TRYING TO KEEP UP WITH YOU.



WATCH WHERE THEY GO, RUFUS, I'M GOING AFTER THEM, AS SOON AS I GET RID OF THIS.



ONLY A FILTHY BEAST WOULD TRY TO DESTROY PRIVATE PROPERTY AND KILL INNOCENT WORKERS.



THE DEADLY BOMB EXPLODES HARMLESSLY IN THE WATER.



DAYS LATER...

ON THE EVIDENCE GIVEN BY THAT BRAVE LAD, JOHNNY REBEL, THE COURT SENTENCES YOU TO TWENTY YEARS IN THE FEDERAL PRISON.



I'LL GET YOU BOTH FOR THIS... I'LL CUT THE TWO OF YOU APART, BIT BY BIT.



SOMEHOW I THINK WE'LL MEET HIM AGAIN!



NOW, MASTER JOHNNY, LET'S GO HOME TO THE FRIED CHICKEN, MY FEET SURE HURT!

IN THE DENSE SWAMPS, A GROUP OF HARDENED CRIMINALS MEET.

WE GET PAID WELL FOR THE JOBS WE DO. IF HITLER DOES GET OVER HERE WE BECOME LEADERS, NOT WANTED MEN. **TONIGHT** WE SPRING THE RIPPER AND THEN WE BURN THE COTTONFIELDS.



OUT OF THE DARK, SLIMY SWAMPS THEY COME, A BAND OF CUTTHROATS BENT ON RESCUING ANOTHER OF THEIR KIND.



THEIR PLAN DECIDED UPON, THEY STEAL UP TO THE PRISON WALLS..



...WHERE SOON THEY LAUNCH A SWIFT MURDEROUS ATTACK.



STOP! HAVE MERCY... AAAGGH!!

I LOVE TO SQUEEZE THEM.... TIGHTER... TIGHTER... UNTIL THEY'S NICE AND LIMP LIKE.



LET ME OUT! LET ME OUT! I WANT TO GIVE THEM A TASTE OF THE RIPPER'S KNIFE FOR KEEPING ME HERE.















YIPPEEEEE! HERE COMES JOHNNY REBEL!



PART  
2

# GUARDIANS OF FREEDOM

FEATURING  
YANKEE  
BOY

Yankeeboy stood on the top of a parked boxcar. He knew that a shipment of important airplane parts would be passing through the town in a short while. Yankeeboy was determined that nothing would interfere with the valuable shipment.

Something fluttered over his head. He looked up and saw a pigeon swoop back into the sky; then dive down towards a shack in the woods, some half a mile away. "Strange, I thought that shack was uninhabited," he said to himself. "I'll have to investigate when—" But, he did not finish the thought. Two figures, slinking along a row of boxcars, caught his attention.

Immediately, Yankeeboy attacked the problem at hand. He leaped from his perch to the ground. Like a fleeting shadow, he raced along the side of the cars.

In the moonlight, he saw the men's legs on the other side of a car. Muffled voices caught his ears. He dropped to the ground, crept under the car and listened. "The TNT caps, on the rail, will blow the train and its freight so high they won't know what happened," one of the men whispered harshly.

"You'd better plant it now," another voice broke in, "the train is about due."

Yankeeboy hurled himself forward with blind fury. It made him fighting mad to think that there were men who would sell their country's honor.

"OOOohh!" the agonizing scream of pain rent the air, as Yankeeboy planted a hard right to the jaw of one of the men.

"It's only a kid. I'll smack him down," the other yelled as he lurched forward, swinging a vicious blow.

Yankeeboy ducked expertly. Then rising quickly he buried his shoulder in the stomach of his assailant. "How do you like that?" he yelled. "I've got plenty more where that came from."

"He's a wildcat, a little wildcat!" one of the men screamed. "We can't let that kid ruin our plans, get him!"

Yankeeboy barely heard the men. He was busy aiming his whirling arms. Like lightning, they flashed out one by one as the men closed in on him.

A screeching sound filled the air. Yankeeboy heard the train whistle. He knew that he must hold these men off until the train was safely past. A new flow of strength surged through his limbs at the thought of the duty before him. He must keep them from destroying the train and its precious cargo.

But his attackers, too, were

spurred by the sound of the whistle. The two men leaped forward. One of them gripped a chunk of coal. Seeing his chance, he circled behind Yankeeboy and cracked down.

Tired and weak, the blow was too much. It ripped the temple of the courageous boy and with a dull thud Yankeeboy sank to the ground.

"That's that!" one of the men said, as he wiped his forehead. "Whew, that kid sure can fight."

"Not any more, he won't. You can bet your life on that," the other replied while dragging the inert form. "Hurry with the dynamite caps. I'm going to put this kid on the tracks, so we can get rid of him and the freight at the same time."

Swiftly, the shadows moved along the tracks. The unconscious Yankeeboy was thrown on the rails and the men carefully set the dynamite caps along the tracks.

One of the men barked, "That pigeon should be at the cabin by this time. C'mon, let's get going!"

As the burly figures melted into the darkness, a train whistle screeched. Roaring madly, the train thundered around the bend. Steaming and frothing, it headed for the inert form of Yankeeboy surrounded by the dynamite caps.

NOW TURN TO PAGE 57



# Barry Kuda

BATTLING VALIANTLY TO KEEP THE UNDERSEA KINGDOM OF QUEEN MERMA FROM FALLING INTO UNSCRUPULOUS HANDS, BARRY KUDA AND ALGIE WAGE A NEVER ENDING CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE MONSTERS OF THE UNDERWATER.



BARRY KUDA



QUEEN MERMA



QUEEN MERMA TEMPTS BARRY AND HIS PAL TO REMAIN IN THE KINGDOM.

I OFFER YOU THE POSITION OF PRIME MINISTER, MR. BARRY KUDA IF YOU WILL REMAIN WITH US.

I WILL CONSIDER IT.

REMEMBER THE WAITRESS IN FRISCO, BARRY?

NEARBY, BELZAM, THE EXILED PRIME MINISTER, PLOTS TO TAKE OVER THE KINGDOM.

LITTLE WOULD SHE EXPECT AN ATTACK. I'LL GET OCTO TO ACT SWIFTLY AND HE WILL RESTORE THE KINGDOM TO ME.



BARRY KUDA  
ALGIE  
FEATHERED STICKFATE, JR.















MEANWHILE OUTSIDE THE PALACE.

LOOK, OCTOMEN!  
THIS MUST BE  
THE PLACE!  
I SEE A  
PLACE WE  
CAN MAKE  
WITHOUT TOO  
MUCH TROUBLE!



NICE WORK...  
I'M ALMOST  
THERE!



THIS SIDE OF  
THE WALL HAS  
ONLY THIS  
LONELY GUARD...



BUT THE GUARD  
DIDN'T LAST  
LONG!

AAAAGHEE!



OKAY, CHUM,  
YOU'RE IN ON  
THIS!

THANKS FOR  
THE RIDE,  
PAL!



THE GUARDHOUSE...  
MAYBE SOME OF  
MERMA'S MEN  
ARE IN THERE?

LET'S  
GO, CHUM!



HEY, BOY...

OHHHHH!



EXCELLENT, ALGIE...  
YOU'RE IMPROVING!

PIPE DOWN AND  
GET THE KEYS!



INSIDE, BARRY AND ALGIE FIND  
QUEEN MERMA'S FAITHFUL  
FOLLOWERS.

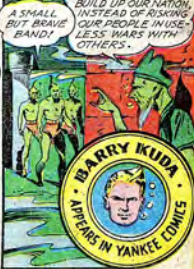
...AND AT THIS MINUTE,  
OCTO IS MAKING HER  
HIS WIFE. SHE AGREED,  
ONLY TO SAVE OUR LIVES!

THEN WE MUST LAY  
DOWN OUR LIVES TO  
SAVE HER!

RIGHTO, AND HERE'S  
THE PLAN. ON OUR  
WAY TO THE PALACE,  
WE'LL STRIP WHATEVER  
GUARDS WE CAN AND  
ARM OURSELVES WITH  
THEIR WEAPONS. LET'S GO!













THE

# ECHO

© HARRY A. CHESLER  
FEATURES JEROME K. Y.

DR. DOOM AND HIS SISTER, CORA, ENTERTAIN THEIR BROTHER, THE FEARLESS FOE OF CRIME, THE ECHO.

I SAY, ISN'T THAT YOUNG PAUL WITHERBEE?

DR. DOOM! YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME, YOU MUST!

SO IT IS!



I WISH YOU'D RUN OVER AND SEE MY MOTHER, DR. DOOM. SHE'S IN A TERRIBLE NERVOUS STATE AND IMAGINES ALL SORTS OF THINGS.

I'LL VISIT HER AS A FRIEND, PAUL, BUT I CAN'T INTRUDE INTO THE CASE. IT MAY INTERFERE WITH DR. ANTON'S PLANS.



I'LL WAIT FOR YOU AND CORA TO GET BACK.

WE ARE RUNNING OVER TO SEE MRS. WITHERBEE, ECHO. WHAT ABOUT YOU?









MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE THE WITHERBEE MANSION ON THE LONELY DUNES, STANDS THE SILENT FIGURE OF THE ECHO.



IT'S AFTER MIDNIGHT. CORA AND THE DOCTOR WERE TO BE HOME FOR DINNER. I MUST FIND OUT WHY THEY WERE DETAINED.



SWIFTLY, HE ENTERS THROUGH AN OPEN WINDOW...



... AND MOUNTS THE LONG DISMAL STAIRCASE.

THE STAIRS CREAK... I MUST TREAD LIGHTLY!



ONE COMES, WE WILL HAVE A VICTIM TO-NIGHT.

SHHHH!

WHILE ON THE TOP OF THE STAIRS.



WHAT...?

SHHHH!



MORE! THIS IS GETTING SERIOUS.



FRESH BLOOD - FRESH BLOOD!



SUDDENLY, THE RADIO ACTIVE RING OF THE ECHO FLASHES AND THE SLIMY CREATURES ARE FROZEN IN THEIR TRACKS.



IT'S INHUMAN, NEITHER MAN NOR BEAST? THOSE EYES... CREATURES OF THE NIGHT...











PART  
3GUARDIANS  
OF FREEDOMFEATURING  
DANDY

The screaming train thundered down the track towards the unconscious Yankeeboy and its own destruction. As the headlight swept across the track, a figure slipped out of the door of a stationary boxcar. The light revealed a familiar grey uniform. Almost under the train wheels, the figure dived, grabbing the inert body of Yankeeboy and at the same time sweeping the dynamite caps harmlessly out of the way.

Escape from the mountain of steel seemed almost impossible, but, as the train rumbled by into the night, the grey form picked itself up from the roadbed, where it had rolled with the unconscious Yankeeboy.

Slowly, Yankeeboy opened his eyes to meet the smiling face of his rescuer. "Johnny Rebel!" he shouted. "I'VE SEEN YOU IN YANKEE COMICS, YOU SOUTHERN BLITZKRIEG!"

"YANKEEBOY!" the grey-clad hero grinned warmly.

"You sure arrived at the right moment, Johnny," Yankeeboy said, as he gripped the little Southerner's hand.

"Forget the rescue, you'd do the same for me," Johnny said slowly. "Right now, I'm looking for a white carrier pigeon."

"A pigeon? I saw a white carrier just before I tackled those thugs," Yankeeboy snapped back. "I know where it landed, let's go!"

A short while later, Yankeeboy and Johnny Rebel crept towards the small hut in the woods. Watching, from above, their

every move, was a silent figure in a tree. Suddenly, it stood erect and dived down.

Like a pack of wildcats the three figures tore at each other. Then one ripped himself free and stood facing Johnny Rebel and Yankeeboy.

"DANDY!" Yankeeboy spoke. "It's DANDY, the pal of Yankee Doodle Jones."

"Well, I'll be— if it isn't." Johnny Rebel broke in.

"Gosh, fellows, you sure fooled me," Dandy said, in a cheerful tone. "I've been watching some quys in that cabin. When you fellows came along, I thought I'd better take care of you two before tackling the rest."

"Well, in that case," Johnny Rebel broke in, "we all have the same object in mind, and that's to find out what's going on in there!"

Inside the cabin, a group of men stood before a man tied to a chair. The leader sneered as he rubbed the edge of his knife along the palm of his hand.

"The pigeon has brought the message," he sneered, as he looked at the man in the chair. "Being in the confidence of the president, you will write a note requesting an interview to discuss certain defense plans. Once the request is granted, I will send a man, disguised as yourself, to see him. After that, there will be no more trouble from the White House. Our agent will see to that!"

"Never!" the prisoner shouted violently.

"Then die!" the leader hissed. "A knife is silent and more painful."

Just as his hand was about to strike, the door of the cabin flew from its hinges, and into the room charged the greatest trio of fighting boys in the country.

Almost an hour later, General Harnold, having been rescued by the scrapping trio, related the events to the Intelligence Department.

"Yes," he continued, "you should have seen that fight. Why those three boys opened with a barrage of blows that could dent a steel wall. Why, for fifteen minutes one heard nothing but the dull thud of their fists connecting on the others. Each punch packed with dynamite. Men flew about the place as though someone were tossing peas around. The attack looked as though it would go on all night. Those boys just wouldn't tire. But soon, the traitors threw up their hands and one by one begged to be spared. The rest is simple, they..."

But as the rescued General continued his narration, three figures stood on a small hill top, each shaking hands with the other.

Johnny Rebel spoke first, "So long, fellas, it was swell to work with you two fellas."

Yankeeboy and Dandy smiled proudly, and as Johnny started down the hill, both shouted, "So long, you Southern blitzkrieg, we'll be seeing you again—and mighty soon!"



# SERGEANT STEELE

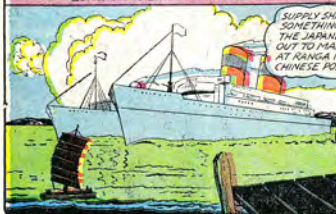


ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN IN THE ORIENT... AND IT ALMOST DOES, UNTIL THE FIERY SERGEANT STEELE AND THE HELL CAT PATROL SWING INTO ACTION. FROM THEN ON, THE MARINES HAVE THE SITUATION WELL IN HAND.

HARVEY A. CHESLER  
FEATURES SYNDICATE, N. Y.

THE PASSING SHIPS ARE VIEWED BY SERGEANT STEEL AND HIS PAL.

JAPANESE SUPPLY SHIPS STEAM BY THE AMERICAN ZONE, ON THEIR WAY UP THE RIVER.



SUPPLY SHIPS, CHUB. SOMETHING TELLS ME THE JAPANESE ARE OUT TO MAKE A GRAB AT RANGA ISLAND, A CHINESE POSSESSION.

YEAH, AND THAT'S TOO CLOSE TO THE PHILIP PINES FOR SAFETY. WHAT'S TO BE DONE, SARGE?

NOTHING YET, FIRST WE'VE GOT TO BE SURE. SEE YOU LATER!



CAUTIOUSLY, THE MUSKY SERGEANT  
SLIPS BY THE GUARDS OUTSIDE THE  
SUPPLY SHIP.

I'LL TAKE A  
SHORT CUT  
AND MEET  
THOSE BABIES  
ON DECK!

THE SUPPLIES  
ARE ALL HERE...  
WHAT IS OUR  
NEXT MOVE?

AT THE BLACKEST  
HOUR OF THE  
NIGHT, WE'LL  
TRANSFER THE  
FUEL AND SUPPLIES,  
THEN SAIL TO ATTACK  
RANGA ISLAND.

AS THE MUSKY LEATHERNECK  
PREPARES TO LEAVE...

I'VE GOT TO  
REPORT THAT  
TO HEADQUARTERS!

LOOK!  
A SPY!





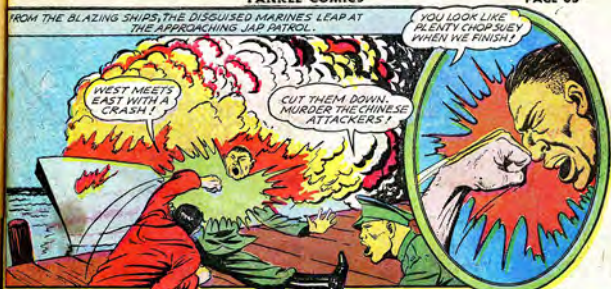








FROM THE BLAZING SHIPS, THE DISGUISED MARINES LEAP AT THE APPROACHING JAP PATROL.



WEST MEETS EAST WITH A CRASH!

CUT THEM DOWN. MURDER THE CHINESE ATTACKERS!

YOU LOOK LIKE PLENTY CHOPSUEY WHEN WE FINISH!



RIGHT, SARGIE, WE'VE STOPPED THE SUPPLY SHIPS AND BESIDES I'M TIRED OF BANGING THESE GUYS AROUND.

OKAY MEN, BACK TO THE BARRACKS BEFORE WE'RE MISSED!

BIFF



LEAVING THE BURNING INFERNO AND THEIR ATTACKERS BEHIND, THE LEATHERNECKS RACE INTO THE NIGHT.



THE FOLLOWING DAY... JAPANESE HEADQUARTERS HAS SENT US A PROTEST, SERGEANT STEELE, CLAIMING MASQUERADED MARINES BURNED THEIR SUPPLY SHIPS. HEADQUARTERS WANTS THE MEN REPRIMANDED.

SORRY, SIR, BUT I DON'T KNOW THEM!



THAT'S SIMPLE. THE MEN WHO WERE IN THE RAID HAVE PATCHES OF HAIR MISSING IN THE BACK OF THEIR HEADS... CAUSED BY THE REMOVAL OF THE PISTOLS.

IN THAT CASE... I'LL SOON KNOW WHO THEY WERE!

WHEN THE SERGEANT TURNS AROUND...

COMPANY, ABOUT FACE!

WELL, I'LL BE...



SHALL I REPRIMAND THEM ONE BY ONE... OR ALL AT ONCE?

WHAT! THE WHOLE REGIMENT? FORGET IT, STEEL. SEE THAT IT DOESN'T HAPPEN AGAIN!

SERGEANT STEELE APPEARS IN YANKEE COMICS



# COWBOY Jake



C'MON, WHIRL-  
AWAY... WE GOT  
BUSINESS TO  
ATTEND TO!

SAID COWBOY JAKE: "I THINK I'LL TAKE  
A RIDE RIGHT THRU THE WOODS.  
I HEAR THERE'S CHICKEN THIEVES AROUND.  
I'LL CATCH 'EM WITH THE GOODS!"



NOW TO SURPRISE  
'EM!

SO OFF HE WENT TO CHARLIE'S RANCH  
TO CATCH THE CROOKS AT WORK.  
WHENEVER DUTY CALLED TO HIM,  
"YOUNG JAKE WOULD NEVER SHIRK."



"-AN' DON'T EVER DO IT  
AGAIN! NOW SCRAM, SCOOT,  
SCAT... ALSO LEAVE  
IMMEDIATELY!"

RIGHT IN THE COOP WENT FEARLESS JAKE  
BECAUSE HE HEARD A NOISE.  
BUT WHEN HE GRABBED THE CHICKEN THIEVES,  
HE FOUND THEM TO BE BOYS.



I'LL TEACH  
YOU TO SWIPE  
MY FOWL!

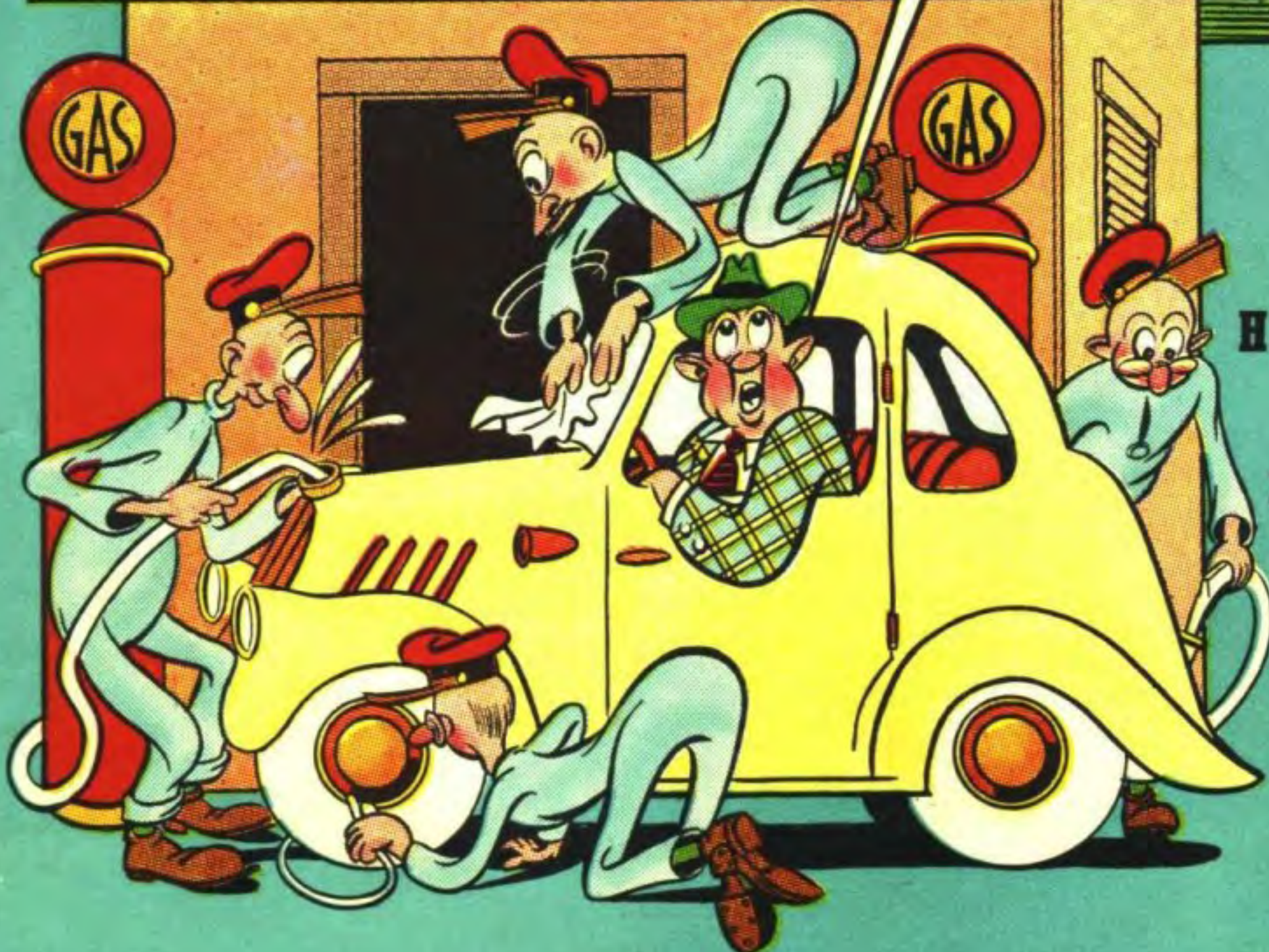
I TELL YA,  
I DIDN'T  
DONE IT!

BUT WHILE HE CARRIED BACK THE FOWL  
OLD CHARLIE CAME A RUNNIN' -  
HE THOUGHT THAT JAKE HAD NABBED THE HENS  
AND PROMPTLY STARTED GUNNIN'!



WHAT!! NO  
**KING KOLA?**

**SUPER SERVICE STATION**



GET THE  
**HANDY-PACK**  
6  
**BOTTLES**  
**25c**

**IN THE BIG 12-OZ. BOTTLE 5¢**  
**2 FULL GLASSES . . . . .**  
**AT ALL THIRST-AID STATIONS**

**FIRST for THIRST**  
**King Kola**  
**SODA-LICIOUS**



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